The Emporia News.

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From the N. Y. Mercury.

BEAUX AND BROOMS.

BY MRS. L. D. SUTTON.

"Come here you, Madge, you highflyer, and tell me what you've been about!" said Captain Mumford to his daughter—a wild, heydenish miss in her teens, who had, in some unaccountable way, smitten the hearts of two worthy swains of the village; and both had met, that morning, at the captain's house, on the same errand, viz: his consent to their union with his daughter.

Each had jealously watched the movements of the other; and they had come purposely at the same time, to pour their tales of love in the father's ear, each hoping to enlist the sympathy of the worthy man in their cause.

The tales were soon told; and when the captain left them, standing beside the garden fence, to question Madge, one amused himself by chewing a chip of birch, while the other whittled a hickory stick into a walking-cane, and whistled, "Oh, carry me 'long."

The captain, who was fair in his dealings, didn't like anything that looked like deceit or coquetry in either sex; and when, as he propounded the question, Madge saw the anger in his eye, she blushed, hung her head, and remained silent. She had seen the approach of her two lovers, and readily guessed their errand—for she had, with a maiden's love of admiration, encouraged both to think themselves equally dear to her.

Stamping his foot, to give more force to the expression, the captain continued:

"If you've been fooling with both these fellows, Madge, you shall have your pay for it—do you hear? They've both come to me with a long rigmarole about the attentions you have received from them; and both insist on being favored with your hand. Dunn says he knows you prefer *him*, from the fact that you accepted a ring from him last week; while Dobbins thinks you never would have taken the chain and locket from him had *he* not been the favored one. In fact, Madge, both think themselves as good as engaged to you.

A pretty how-d'ye-do this, for honest John Mumford's daughter.

Both ring and locket were glistening on the fair person of Madge, as she replied:

"Really, father, I didn't think it a serious matter. I'm sure I have never engaged myself to either."

"Ah, Madge, no such paltry excuse will smooth over the matter for me. You've encouraged the attentions of both. Have you a preference for either, Madge? for I will not believe you have the same regard for both."

Again Madge blushed and hung her head, without replying, and the captain turned on his heel to depart; but, ere he reached the door, a trembling hand arrested him, and a voice scarcely audible, said:

"I like Charley best, father; please give the preference to him."

"You do, eh? Then why didn't you tell him so in the first of it, and give Eben the mitten at once, instead of keeping both along as you have done, you wicked little minx? But your confession has come too late. As you have dealt evenly with both, so will I. They both start out peddling brooms, to-morrow; and the one that disposes of his four hundred first, and returns with the most cash, shall be rewarded with your hand. Do you hear?

"Yes, papa; but Eben has the advantage, having followed peddling for four years and upwards, while Charley is a novice in the business. This is his trial trip."

"I can't help that, Madge. I shall make the offer, and if they consent, I'll see to it that you abide the decision; so let me hear no whimpering. If Eben Dunn comes out victorious, you shall marry him, to punish you for flirting."

Madge went to her room, not feeling very comfortable around the heart; while Captain Mumford made the proposition to the two admirers.

It is needless to add, that it was readily accepted by both Dobbins and Dunn.

The former, though inexperienced in peddling, felt sure he could manage to sell the brooms somehow; and he hastened home, and loaded his cart—which had been purchased the week before, by his father, and, with a suitable nag and harness, given to him as a kind of setting out; for, as he had just turned twenty-one, he was now expected, by Farmer Dobbins, to do for himself.

Eben Dunn, showing none of that nervous excitement which characterized the movements of Dobbins, made cool preparations for a start; and, two hours after Charley had set off toward the setting sun, with his load of brooms, he turned his horse's head to the east, and, confident of winning the prize, took his departure from the little village of Wildwood, in fine spirits, soliloquizing, as his nag ambled along over hill and dale:

'Four hundred brooms is a master pile to sell in a week, but I believe I can do it. They ought to bring two shillings apiece; but, seeing there's so much at stake, I shall put 'em down to twenty cents, or eighteen shillings a dozen. Small profits make ready sales, now-a-days. I reckon Dobbins will wish his brooms somewhere else before he peddles 'em all off; he looked sorter chop-fallen at the cap'n's propersition, but as it was his only chance, he didn't dare to refuse. Madge is a smart girl for bizness, besides being pretty; jest as if she was going to throw herself away upon Charley Dobbins, when she has a standing offer from Mister Ebeneezer Dunn, Esq! Hip! g'lang pony!"

Just then, he came in sight of a farm-house, where, an hour after, he sold half a dozen brooms, at twenty cents apiece; and then, at the request of the farmer's wife, who had four grown-up daughters on the *qui vive* for husbands—dined with the family on corned-beef and boiled pudding.

"I have sold you the brooms remarkably cheap," said he, rising to depart; but I have four hundred to dispose of, and I am in haste to get rid of 'em; you see (casting his eyes around upon the four pretty daughters) I'm anxious to settle down, and take to myself a wife."

"Don't you think you could take another half dozen?" asked Rose, blushing like the fair flower—her namesake—as she edged up to her mother?

"Well, I don't know but I might," said the mother, looking from her eldest, to the keen-eyed peddler; "considerin' the sarcumstances, I guess I will, brooms are all the better for seasoning, as I often heard gran'-ther say; you may count me out another half-dozen, if I can pack 'em away somewhere, where the mice won't get at 'em, they'll keep. And then, who knows but one of my darters may chance to get married, and want a set of brooms for herself?"

"True, madam said Dunn, glancing first at the mother, then at the girls; "if they remain single, it will be from choice; for I know of opportunities close at hand, whereby they may change their state of single-blessedness, but modesty forbids me to say more. Good-day, madam; good-day, young ladies."

But the voice of the kind-hearted old lady stayed his departure, bidding him count out another dozen and a half of brooms; for, said she:

"If the right chaps should come along, and the girls should take it into their heads to get married, I'd like half a dozen for each."

"Madam," said Dunn, squeezing Mrs. Barloe's fat hand, "I'm under a thousand obligations to you for your liberal patronage. That eldest daughter of yours is a jewel; tell her I say so, will you, and that I shall think but of her till we meet again."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Barloe, courtesying. "If you should find trouble in getting rid of your brooms, don't mind coming back this way if you do have a few left. I calculate I could dispose of 'em among my own friends."

With thanks for her kindness, and a wave of the hand, the peddler departed; and at all houses where they had grown-up daughters, he was sure, by his tact, to drive a good trade.

His brooms disappeared rapidly, and on the Monday following his departure from Fieldwood, he found himself with about fifty brooms, and the proceeds of his sales in hard cash in his overcoat pocket; so he turned his horse's head homeward—thinking, by taking a different route, he might dispose of the remainder by the way.

Charley Dobbins, as we have before said, was a novice in the art of peddling; and as he mounted his cart, drew his reins through his hands and cracked his whip, he felt some slight misgivings as to the result, yet determined to do his best.

"I say, Charley, don't get the dumps if business don't flourish on the start," said his father, on parting. "Stick to the good old price of twenty-five cents a broom; give your tongue full play at every house you come to, and you'll come out all right and get the gal into the bargain."

Though Charley, that day found plenty who were ready to give him a shilling, or even eighteen cents for his brooms, he determined to follow his father's advice, and stick to the old price; consequently, when night came on, although he had traveled many miles, he hadn't sold a broom. He had, to be sure, a hard dollar in his pocket, yet he determined not to spend it for a night's lodging. So he continued to ride after the sun went down, until he came to an out-of-the-way place, where a woman offered to keep both himself and the nag over night for three brooms, provided they were good.

Dobbins assured her they were the *prime* article—A number one—but only ocular demonstration would satisfy her; so she followed him out to the cart, and selected three, with good strong handles—greatly fearing all the time, however, that they were not strong enough for her use.

Dobbins wondered greatly, as he led his nag to water, what use she put her brooms to, that she needed such strong handles; but, ere morning, his wonder ceased, for, lodging in a room directly over that occupied by his hostess and her spouse, he heard, about midnight, sounds very like the whacking of a broomstick, and the staggering gait of a person who—from the steps and sounds of voices—seemed to be dodging about to avoid the blows. And he concluded that the delinquent spouse, who had gone to town that evening, had returned—as they say up in that temperance State, Massachusetts—"tight."

"I told you your brooms were good for nothing," said the lady of the house, on Dobbins' first appearance, the following morning; "one is broken already."

"The next time I come along I'll bring you the handle for it," said Dobbins, by way of conciliation.

"You'd better; and bring brooms with good hickory handles, too, if you expect to keep me for a customer."

"Yes, ma'am," said Dobbins. "I'll have some made expressly for your use." And as he spoke, he glanced at her husband, who raised his shoulders, and drew in his head like a turtle, as if he felt the weight of the hickory broom-stick descending upon him with every word she uttered.

After breakfast, as Dobbins was preparing to commence his journey, the old man came slowly up, and touching him on the shoulder, said:

"Make the brooms you bring for the 'old woman' a *leetle* heavier in the corn, and be sure and put in *white pine handles!*"

"Yes, sir," said Dobbins, giving him a knowing wink; "now that I know the use she makes of 'em, I'll be sure and obey your instructions."

The old man gave him a cordial shake of the hand; and getting soon under way, he reached Aldertown, a snug little village with some half a dozen stores and groceries, before noon. Here he determined to make a trade in some shape, and by using his oratorical and persuasive powers in an emphatic manner, at length persuaded the proprietor of an institution, a kind of "dry-goods, grocery and hardware store" into making him an offer.

"I will take your whole stock of brooms," said the seller of tape and molasses, "allow you three dollars a dozen for 'em provided you'll take half cash, half store pay."

Dobbins looked around upon the stale groceries and smoky prints, scratched his head, and said; "I'd take you at your offer, but you'll want me to take my pay in unsalable articles, and tuck on a profit at that."

"No indeed," was the reply, "you shall select anything you please from my stock, and have it at cost prices. Here's Java coffee, New Orleans molasses, Muscovado sugar, and jest the finest lot of calicoes and ginghams to be found this side of New York."

"So you say I may select from any articles you may have for sale, and have 'em at cost?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, come on, then, and help me unload; it's a bargain."

Both went to work with alacrity; the brooms were soon unloaded and put up; and the merchant, stepping nimbly behind the counter, placed the money in the hands of Dobbins, and said: "What can I show you in the dry-goods or grocery line?"

"Well, stranger," said Dobbins, glancing round the store, "I don't see anything that suits me better than brooms; as I know to a tee what they cost, I'll take the balance in brooms; so come on and help a "feller' load up."

The merchant had nothing to say; he helped Dobbins load, in silence; then, as the peddler mounted his cart, and wished him a good-day he said: "Whenever you have any more brooms to sell for *store* pay just give me a call."

Dobbins promised not to forget him, and drove off to the next village, making a similar trade there. And so he continued till on Tuesday of the following week, he found his stock reduced to twenty-five.

Then he found it necessary to go into the retail trade, by peddling them from house to house, and as his route that day lay some miles from a store, through a sparsely-settled part of the country, he found a very good sale for his brooms; so much so, that at night he found himself reduced to two.

These he expected it would be difficult to get rid of, for they were the poorest of the lot, and remarkably weak and slender in the handles. But fortune led him to the door of a woman who, being a widow, had now no use for broomsticks, save that of sweeping, and who relieved him of the last of the four hundred, "as they were light and handy—just the thing for her use."

Dobbins, as may be supposed, was not long in making his way back to Wildwood; and when about ten miles from home, he was surprised by the appearance of his rival, Eben Dunn, who in his perigrinations, had got on the same road as Dobbins, and was also hurrying back to Wildwood, to present himself to the mistress of his heart.

Driving up alongside, he took a peep into Dobbins' cart, and was surprised to find it empty.

"I reckon, by the looks of your cart, you found a ready sale for your brooms?" said he.

"Yes—I experienced no great difficulty in getting rid of 'em. But I see you're empty too."

"Yes and have been this long time."

Here both parties whipped up their beasts; and, as if by general consent, a race commenced.

The road was wide enough for the two carts to proceed abreast—and the race was kept up with spirit until, meeting a vehicle that two gentleman occupied (one as a driver, the other a passenger,) Dunn did not give quite room enough in passing, and the consequence was, his cart was upset, and himself rolled into a gutter by the wayside.

He arose with resentment flashing in his eyes, and with the true Yankee spirit, threatened to chastise the author of his calamity, who, being a heavy, broad-shouldered six-footer, desired no better sport than a brush with the peddler.

He accordingly gave the lines into the hand of his comrade, leaped to the ground, and meeting his challenger half-way, gave him such a dressing, that he didn't open one eye for a week after, and the other was surrounded with a black circle, as if mourning the loss of its fellow.

Dobbin halted to see fair play, but drove on toward home before Dunn had righted his cart and tied up the thills, which were broken.

He had not, however, proceeded far, when Dunn again overtook him, and, with a wo-begone look, cried out that he had been robbed, and called on Dobbin to return with him on the road the sharpers had taken, and help him to recover the money—a fraction less than eighty dollars—the proceeds of his four hundred brooms.

"And is that all you made on your brooms?" asked Dobbins, surprised.

"All?" Yes. I reckon it's more than you have made."

"But I've got a hundred dollars in clean cash in my pockets, barring the five I've paid out for lodging and meals," said Dobbins, slapping the chinking coin. "So, if you've only made eighty dollars, you've lost the gal."

"I reckon her decision will settle the matter," said Dunn, "without any regard to our broom speculation."

"Well, that's just what I was thinkin' of when you came up; and if you like, we'll say nothing about our week's job of peddling, but go to the gal, and tell her to take her choice."

Of course, Dunn was pleased to accept this proposition of Dobbins, but he insisted on deferring the visit for one week, to give him time to recover both his eyesight and his money.

Dobbins didn't like delay, he wanted the matter settled at once, but when he looked upon the swollen and discolored countenance of Dunn, he felt a throb of pity at his unpresentable appearance; and so confident was he of Madge's preference, that he consented to his wishes.

"Well, Madge, the boys have both got back to-day, with empty carts," said Captain Mumford to his daughter. "Which do you think has done the best business?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Madge, coloring to the temples.

She had passed a restless and unhappy week, and now that they had returned, she almost feared to hear the result.

The captain smiled, but made no comments when his daughter appeared at the table, in a pretty, white muslin wrapper, and a dainty little bouquet of wild roses and eglantine peeping from amid the folds that crossed on her bosom. She was nervous and excited, and salted her father's tea, and sugared his toast, besides committing so many extravagant blunders in her speech, that the captain, with a merry laugh, said:

"This having two strings to one's bow isn't so very pleasant, after all, is it Madge?"

To avoid her father's well-timed jests, Madge made her escape to the garden, directly after tea, where she flitted around among the flowers, till twilight deepened into night, and neither of the expected lovers made their appearance.

And so passed a week; Madge shed many tears in secret, at Charley's neglect; and she began to fear—as her father said—that both had, after a deliberate review of her conduct, given her up for some more stable fair one.

In her dreams, she saw herself, a tall and wrinkled spinster, with a long, sour visage and querulous voice; even in her waking hours, these visions haunted her, until she began to consider herself an unhappy, misused, neglected maiden; and thus was she sitting alone in the tidy keeping room, musing over her misfortunes, when the two lovers appeared at the door.

A flash of pleased surprise lighted up her face as she responded to their salutations, and offered them seats; and her father—laying aside the book he was reading—said:

"Well, boys, what's the result of your trip?"

Dobbins was rather slow of speech, and taking advantage of it, Dunn said, stepping in front of the captain, and assuming an oratorical air:

"The fact is, sir, we consider *that* an unjust way of settling the difficulty. My friend Dobbins proposes that we say nothing of the broom speculation, but allow the maiden to say for herself, which she will honor with her hand."

Having delivered this speech, he stepped back on a line with Dobbins, and twirled his colored moustache; while his fellow-wooer, abashed and somewhat disheartened at the boldness of Dunn, drew his boots nearly out of sight in his broad pants, and hid his huge hands underneath his broad-brimmed straw.

"Well done, boys; you've given the jade a plagued sight more consideration than she deserves; and so you have both resolved to abide by her decision?"

"Yes, sir," promptly replied the confident Dunn; while the "yes sir," of Dobbins was so faintly uttered, that it seemed but the echo of Dunn's voice.

The Captain looked at Madge, who stood as if not knowing what to say, while her countenance changed from red to pale.

"Come Madge, speak out; it all rests with you," he said; "you who don't deserve a husband, can take your choice between the two."

"I'm very sorry," she began.

"Sorry for what? That you can't marry both," asked her father, with a loud laugh at her confusion.

"I'm sorry that I received the attentions of both," said Madge; "but I did not think Mr. Dunn, in his intentions, was actuated by any feeling save friendship; I trust he will not take the matter to heart, when I give the preference to Charley—that is, Mr. Dobbins."

Charley's feet crawled out of the pantaloons in double quick time, and dropping his straw hat on the carpet, he made one bound to the side of Madge, and clasping her slender form in his brawny arms, he pressed some half-a-dozen kisses on her crimson cheeks; then, turning to Dunn, who stood with open mouth and eyes glaring, he said:

"Come, old fellow, can't you congratulate us?"

"Out-done, I swow!" he ejaculated, as he disappeared through the open door; nor did he enter it again on the wedding of Madge and Charley, though he received from the bride a polite invitation to be one of the guests.

Two weeks after, the gossips of Wildwood were startled out of their usual tranquility, by the announcement, through the village paper, of the marriage of Miss Rose Barloe and Ebenezer Dunn, Esq. The paper did not give (as in the marriage of the Princess Royal of England) a description of the *trousseau;* but we have no doubt the fair bride was supplied by the generous mother with a good stock of brooms, and other housekeeping utensils.

Some Husbands Do So.

How? The habits with husbands, with regard to the treatment of their wives, are so various that the question can only be answered by individual specimens of each mode:

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good bye, dear," in the tone of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effects of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that the wives are appreciative, and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left his home without the kiss, and the "good bye, dear."

Some husbands shake hands with their wives, and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort were something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down, and darting round the first corner.

Some husbands say only, "Well, I am going," and start at the word "go," which comes to them from some back retreat.

Some husbands, before leaving home, ask very tenderly, "What would you like for dinner, my dear?" knowing all the while that she will select something for his palate—and off he goes.

Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as is evinced by their turning round, at the last point of observation, and waving an adieu at the pleasant face, or faces, at the window.

Some husbands never say a word—rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that *they* can find sympathy elsewhere.

Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence.

Then, on returning—

Some husbands come home jolly and happy, unsoured by the world; some sulky and surly with its disappointments.

Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents.

Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagaments; some doze in speechless stupidity on the sofa till bed time.

Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs, or the house taking fire.

Depend upon it, says Dr. Spooner, that home is the happiest where kindness and interest and politeness and attention are the rule on the part of the husband—of course all the responsibility rests with them—and temptation finds no footing there.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches the age of twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape, pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said "ze *butter* of poets." A wag said that his English was certainly not "the cheese."

At Last.

Down, down, like a pale leaf drooping
Under an autumn sky,
My love dropped into my bosom
Quietly, quietly.

There was not a ray of sunshine,
And not a sound in the air,
As she trembled into my bosom,
My love no longer fair.

All year long in her beauty
She dwelt on the tree-top high;
She danced in the summer breezes,
She laughed to the summer sky.

I lay so low in the grass-dews,
She sat so gay above,
She never dreamed of my longing,
She never wist of my love.

But when winds laid bare her dwelling,
And her heart could find no rest,
I called; and she fluttered downward
Into my faithful breast.

I know that my love is fading;
I know I cannot fold
Her fragrance from the frost-blight,
Her beauty from the mould.

But a little, little longer,
She shall contented lie,
And wither away in the sunshine
Quietly, quietly.

Come when thou wilt, grim Winter,
My year is crowned and blest,
If, when my love is dying,
She die upon my breast.

A Day of Heaven Upon Earth.

O Sabbath!—needed for a world of innocence,—without thee what would be a world of sin! There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm for care! He who had withheld thee, would have forsaken the earth! Without thee, He had never given to us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit! We salute thee as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord—radient in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over a nation's achieved work—marching downward in the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and guarding flame, interweaving with all thy light new beams of discovery and promise, until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected in the dews and imbibed by the flowers of Eden—more awful than when the trumpet rang of thee in Sinai!

The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by Him who revived and rose, has this day awakened but as the light of seven days, and with healing in its wings! Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation! It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the Church of God! Still the outgoings of its morning and its evening rejoice! It is a day of heaven upon earth! Life's sweetest calm, poverty's birthright, labor's only rest! Nothing has such a board of antiquity in it! Nothing contains in it such a history! Nothing draws along with it such a glory! Nurse of virtue, seal of truth! The household's richest patrimony, the nation's noblest safeguard! The pledge of peace, the fountain of intelligence, the strength of law! The oracle of instruction, the ark of mercy! The patent of our manhood's spiritual greatness. The harbinger of our soul's sanctified perfection. The glory of religion, the watch-tower of immortality. The ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reacheth to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.—*Hamilton.*

Experience with a New Set of Teeth.

We have been very much amused in listening to an acquaintance of ours when describing his experience with a new set of teeth. He remarked:

I have had all my teeth pulled out, for to tell the truth, I think they have been a curse to me always rather than a blessing. Now in their place I have had false ones put in, and I must tell you my experience with my new masticators. I felt, when the 'set' was first put in, as though I had a couple of wheel-barrows full of paving-stones lying around loose in my mouth, and it seemed as if they were going to be spilled out at every motion. The first day I waited till every one had done their dinner, not daring to make an exhibition of my teeth and run the risk of their dropping on the table.—Well, I chewed a little and stopped, chewed again and stopped, and finally went to my room and laid the darned things on the back part of an upper shelf, thinking they were no go. The next day I tried them again, but with little better success, and after this I would carry the things in my pocket, occasionally trying them on, and every time experiencing some new emotion. One day they would feel as much like a great horse-shoe, with nails in, as anything else; and again I could be certain that I had a great circular wheel stowed under my lips. Some of my experience was very comical. They served me so many times, and I was rather getting tired of my bargain; but by perseverance I have become used to their ways, and now they cannot get away from me, as I know just how to manage them, and how to bite on them, and bless from the bottom of my heart the inventor of false teeth.

Two Skulls.—At a special gathering of members of the New School Presbyterian General Assembly, Rev. James Ells, of Cleveland, said that he remembered seeing in his travels a diminutive skull, evidently that of a child, preserved with great care. Upon asking, the guide informed him that it was the skul! of St. Patrick. Passing along still further in the same place, he met with another skull evidently that of a full-grown man. "Whose skull is this?" he asked. "That is the skull of St. Patrick," was the response. "But did you not tell me that the other was the skull of St. Patrick?" "Oh, yes, that was the skull of St. Patrick when he was a baby."

Training Steers.—At the Maine State Fair a boy of fifteen years, from the town of Woodstock, had a pair of three year old steers which obeyed him as an obedient boy will his parents. By a motion of his hand they would go forward, halt and return, go to the right or left, kneel down, and perform other things, much to the surprise of some older farmers who are in the habit of putting the brad through the hide. At the New York State Fair, there was a perfect Barey of an ox tamer, who practices breaking steers for farmers, who never treats them inhumanly, but he soon has them under perfect control, and as bidable as well-trained children.

A Mild Suggestion.—A conflict having arisen between President Buchanan and Governor Wise as to which should have the honor of hanging poor Brown, it is respectfully suggested by a high intervening party that he be hung between the two.

The Graves of the Pilgrims.

Sitting apart in the silence of sunset upon Burial Hill, amid the graves of the Pilgrims, and looking forth beyond the sand-ridge on the harbor to where the breakers are rolling which had well-nigh swamped their little shallop, and eastward to Clark's Island, where they spent their first Sabbath, without fire and almost without food, and following their course the next day up into the harbor, to the rocky point beneath your feet, you seem to see the Fathers baptised in the cloud and in the sea, and to catch the inspiration of that prayer and praise with which they consecrated that rough, storm-beaten shore to freedom and to God. Can a man take in that scene and its memories, the waves before him that had almost been their grave, the graves around him, which the hand of affection did not dare to mark, lest the treacherous savage should be emboldened at once to assault the living and to dishonor the dead—can he think over the deeds of faith, and piety, and courage recalled by these imperishable landmarks, and cast away or lightly esteem that free polity in Church and in State, that principled obedience to God's authority, for which the Pilgrims forsook all and periled life itself in a waste and howling wilderness. —*H. W. Beecher.*

The Norwich (Conn.) *Bulletin* says that Aaron Dwight Stephens, the companion of Capt. Brown at Harper's Ferry, and who is now suffering from wounds that may prove mortal, is a son of Capt. Aaron Stephens, of Norwich. Mr. H. L. Reed communicates to the *Bulletin* some incidents of his life, which that paper condenses as follows:

"Stephens was born in Lisbon, Ct., somewhere near the year 1830. He was a bold fearless boy, rather restive under parental discipline, but always known as a kind-hearted fellow, and one who would always take sides with the weaker party. He lived in this vicinity a part of the time with his parents till his fifteenth year, 1845, and then left for Boston, where he joined a company of volunteers for the war then beginning in Mexico. Proceeding to the scene of conflict, he happened to be in nearly all the engagements that occurred during that struggle. No situation of unusual peril, and which involved unusual hardship, but Dwight Stephens was the man for the place. He enjoyed the confidence of his superior officers, and was sometimes intrusted with the execution of enterprises, that, but for his fearlessness would have been committed to men far above him in rank. After the conclusion of the Mexican war he spent some time in this vicinity, but at length found himself in Kansas about the commencement of hostilities there. His Mexican campaign had given him a soldierly air, besides imparting to his physical system a power of endurance and a strength of muscle almost without a parallel. Espousing the cause of the Free State men, with all the ardor of his impetuous nature, he was soon elected, under the assumed name of Whipple, the commander of the 'Topeka Boys.'"

A late issue of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, in an article on buckwheat as food, says that, considering its good qualities, "it is probably less appreciated than any other grain. Writers on agricultural products seem to eschew it as food for man, and regard it only as a mischievous adulteration of wheat flour, or as a product of poor soil for cattle. It is of a totally different family of plants from the cereals, and will flourish on sand hill sides which are barren for other grain. It is probably the most easily cultivated, and the cheapest bread grain in the world. It is extensively cultivated in Belgium, and some parts of France, where it forms the basis of food for the inhabitants. Though its properties are very different from wheat, it is nevertheless quite as rich in all important compounds, and in extremely cold weather, it is more substantial than wheat. It is, however, less digestible, and apt to disagree with a weak stomach, or persons unaccustomed to it. By analysis, buckwheat is second to wheat in gluten, but deficient in starch.—By the addition of one-fourth quantity of oat or Indian meal to buckwheat flour, the flour is very much improved."

Loneliness of Heart.—How wearily the life of a sensitive and high-toned heart drags on when chained to a continual routine of mechanical duties, and the soul's half articulated cry for sympathy, without an answer! Faith often cures their longings, but is so hard to give a soul to heaven, that has not first been trained in the fullest and sweetest human affections. Too often they fling away their hearts on an unworthy object; too often they pine in a secret discontent, which spreads its leaden cloud over the morning of their youth. The immeasurable distance between one of these delicate natures, and the average youth among whom is like to be her only choice, makes one's heart ache. How many women are born too finely organized in sense and soul for the highway they must walk with feet unshod! Life is adjusted to the wants of the stronger sex! There are plenty of torrents to be crossed in its journey; but their stepping are measured by the stride of man and not of woman.—*The Professor.*

Profits of Orchards.—We are informed, says the *Eastern Illinoisan*, that two farmers in this (Marshall) county, who, in addition to the usual products, have sold from their orchards, during the present fall over $500 worth of Apples. They are small farmers, too, so far as extent of land is concerned. These facts ought to be enough to open the eyes of our farmers to the value of orchards. It should be remembered that the annual cost of cultivating an orchard of ten acres is less than that of a kitchen garden of half an acre.

A crusty old bachelor says: "Tell me, thou mighty deep, with waves so blue and clear, is there a good time coming when hoops will disappear? some foreign, rock bound shore—some island far away where those tremendous street balloons shall all be stowed away!" The mighty deep was rippled by a sudden squall and answered slowly and sadly. "Oh no, there's none at all!"

The New York ladies are exhibiting their hair dressed in a somewhat novel fashion. The hair is parted down the middle of the forehead, arranged in rich bandeaus, and then wound round the head in a double plait, forming a diadem. On the back of the head is placed a velvet bow with long ends.

A man "behind the times" should feed on catch-up.